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EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
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EUPHERNIA;
OR,
THE DESTROYER OF GENAIZE:
AN
OPERATIC DRAMA,
IN THREE ACTS,

BY CHARLES MICHAEL YOUNG,

AN ENTIRELY ORIGINAL COMPOSITION OF FICTION, AS RELATES
TO NAMES, PLACES, AND INCIDENTS.

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DEDICATION.

TO

JOHN YOUNG, Esq.,
OF ROMSEY, IN HAMPSHIRE.

*I feel, I can, with safety, take the liberty of
dedicating this Work to you, however questionable
may be its merits ; yet, if I have your good wishes
for its success, every object I had in writing it, will
be fully attained.*

I remain,

Your faithful, and affectionate Son,

CHARLES MICHAEL YOUNG.

Manchester, October 20, 1836.





DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EUPHERNIA, of Genaize, afterwards Prefect of Altigneur.

LEVANTES, }
BENVORIO, } two Magistrates of Altigneur.

DURELLE, }
GUFERGNE, } Domestic of Euphemia.

OLD FOLIGNE, }
YOUNG FOLIGNE, } Townsmen of Altigneur.

ZOLERMIO, Demon of the Sulphur Mine.

FIRST SINGING SPIRIT.

SECOND SINGING SPIRIT.

FIRST TRAVELLER.

SECOND TRAVELLER.

FIRST GROOM.

SECOND GROOM.

PEDLAR.

SENTRY.

LAMPLIGHTER.

MOLEMIA, Wife to Euphemia.

CIGNETTE, only Daughter of a Widow at Genaize.

LUCETTE, Maid to Molemia.

Spirits of the Mine—Officers—Guards—Peasants, &c. &c.



EUPHERNIA, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.

Outer works of the Town of Altigneur by Sun-rise—Citadel in the distance—Large Entrance Gates, with Drawbridge over Moat—Distant Bells—Discharge of Cannon from the Towers and Ramparts—Enter People (with boughs in their hands) shouting.

CHORUS.

Arise! arise! the morn is come,
From the humble cottage to the dome,
Swell the universal cheer!
This is a day of general joy,
Let every lass, let every boy,
Forth from Altigneur!

(Bells, and discharge of Cannon.)

Our rights to shield, and laws protect,
This day we choose our new Prefect,
And generous may he be!
Euphernia! is the people's choice,
Euphernia! shout with general voice,
Euphernia! just and free!

(Bells, and discharge of Cannon.)

Old Foligne.—(Coming down.)

Ah! my boys, this is happiness indeed! little did I think that I should have again beheld another such a joyous day as this; a day when our chartered rights, sacred to the cause of liberty and freedom, empowers us to elect a Prefect for the year to come!—*(Distant Music.)*—Hark! the distant music tells the authorities are near. Now, lads of Altigneur, Euphernia, remember, is our

choice ; and though an imputation of a mysterious cast, did once exist against him, (which proved, at last, mere idle scandal,) yet his endless works of charity, and goodness of disposition, proved him to be a man of more than common worth ; Euphernia, therefore, will we choose—*him*, only, will we elect ! —(*Shouts increase.*) — They come, they come, make way !

*(Grand March—Discharge of Cannon—
Enter the Authorities with Banners,
escorted by Military Guards—People
shouting.)*

Levantes.

(Raising Staff of Office for silence.)—Fellow Countrymen, and Kinsmen ! all hail ! with general voice we greet the morn, which lights us again to the discharge of a great and sacred duty ; and as your senior and retiring Prefect, let me impress upon the public's mind, the necessity, for its dignity, and honour's sake, as well as for the goodly name and reputation of this our town of Altigneur, strictly to maintain peace and order throughout this day's proceedings ; as, also, through the celebration of the revels which immediately ensue. Now, Brothers, let's forward to the Hall of Justice, and after the usual proclamation, proceed to the election of a Prefect for the year to come.

*(Grand March—Exeunt in the same
order across the Drawbridge, People
shouting.)*

SCENE 2.

A Street in Altigneur.

(Enter Young Foline, meeting Cigarette.)

Foline.

Ah ! my charming, dear, Cigarette ! here you

are betimes, bedecked in all thy rustic sweetness. I am right glad you are come. Well, how is thy mother? Comes she to town on the morrow, to witness our festivities?

Cignette.

Oh! no, Foligne; her age, alas! prevents her; and even if she *could* come, she is indeed very, very unhappy, which makes *me* unhappy too.

Foligne.

How unhappy, Cignette?

Cignette.

Oh, my dear Foligne! 'tis so indeed; in thee I feel I can confide in safety. Ephernia, about to be chosen Prefect, as you well know, lives at the Chateau on the borders of the forest at Genaize, the grounds of which adjoin the garden of my poor mother's cottage. It was (I think) on Friday last, ere the dear old soul had retired to rest, she took a walk along our garden path, then near 'pon midnight, and the moon shining in all the brightness of her full, her eye fell casually on the shadowed side of the Chateau, when (to give her own description,) the lower tier of windows suddenly appeared illumined, not like the light produced by lamp, or candle, but of a character scarcely to be described; she paused at first, conceiving what she saw to be the workings of imagination, (being intently deep in thought) but upon summoning her self-possession well together, she directed her attention immediately to the spot, which was then rendered the more easily to be perceived, (the moon being suddenly hid by an impenetrable cloud of darkness,) she beheld a sight, in truth, too hideous for human detail; creatures (if e'en creatures they were,) of forms more terrible than the eye can paint, were grouped together

working some hideous spell or incantation, when suddenly flames burst from the windows and the roof above, as though the buildings were in one general mass of fire; in a second afterwards, all was darkness: at this moment, a figure, which by a faint mysterious light, she could clearly see was similar to that of Euphernia's form, was borne in fiendish triumph through the air, in the direction of Altigneur, and in an instant was out of sight. She flew breathless to the cottage in consternation. It was hours 'ere she could relate what she then had seen: and having told it, she bade me reveal it to no one save yourself, as it would, doubtless, subject her to ridicule, even, perhaps, to punishment, to report she had seen such things, in reference to an individual so much beloved, and generally esteemed as is Euphernia.

Foligne.

Trust me, my dear Cigarette, I shall say nothing whatever of the matter, as it is well known, both afar and near, that the chief of his wealth he has spent in works of charity amongst the poor and penniless; therefore this narration would be held in strong suspicion as to its veracity, were it given out that your mother had seen such things as you have now described. Some twelve years since, 'tis true, something similar to this was whispered, but his munificence soon smothered the report, so that it speedily died away. Come, Cigarette, we'll to the Hall, and join in the merry throng; when evening comes I will see thee to thy peaceful home again, and question your mother further as to this strange adventure. Come, Cigarette, come!

(Exeunt.)

SCENE 3.

Interior of the Hall of Justice, hung round with banners, Armour, spears, &c.—The Authorities discovered seated—Maces, books, and other Magisterial emblems, are arranged at the upper end of the table, on Crimson velvet Cushions—At the back, is seen an Organ, with front and side galleries—Choristers in centre gallery—A Chair of State in the centre of platform, vacant.

Benvorio.—(Right of Chair.)

Good men of Altigneur, the benediction of heaven be upon you! I have this day, as custom bids me, rendered into your hands, the important trust which a year since you generously confided to me. I am grateful to you for the honour, in appointing so humble an individual as myself, to the office from which I am now retiring; yet, hope you have ever found me ready to defend the people's cause, when aggressional power threatened the liberty of the subject. The law of this our happy state, invests me with the privilege of proposing my successor; a privilege which I embrace with more than common joy, when my tongue, the harbinger of my soul, proclaims, with swelling pride, "Euphemia of Genaize."

(People shout.)

Levantes.—(Left of Chair.)

My worthy Friends and Brothers, I have long admired Euphemia's private worth, and have recognized, in public, as in private life his high deserts and noble mind; it would, then, now be merely idle waste of time on your part, as of mine, were I to detain you further in attempting to describe with what rapturous delight I now second Benvorio in the nomination of Euphemia.—*(Shouts.)*—It re-

mains, therefore, simply to submit, whether it be the people's wish Euphernia be elected.

Peop'e.

It is! it is! it is! (*Benvorio beckons to Officers.*)

Benvorio.

Euphernia waits in the Council Chamber without, Officers, attend him; say the Authorities are now assembled, and respectfully invite his attendance in this our Hall of Justice; meantime, let soul inspiring music greet his entrance.

(*Exeunt Officers.*)

Music.—(*Enter Euphernia, attended—All rise---Benvorio and Levantes meet him, and conduct him to the Chair of State—As soon as seated, the Mace is presented him on a Cushion, he rises, and by a sign, pledges to do his duty—The Statute Book is next presented, which he kisses—Is then invested with the Collar of Office, and sits.*)

Euphernia.

To those of Altigneur,—
Who in their estimation of my poor deserts,
Have wrought this dignity upon me,
I register my thanks in all sincerity.
In sooth, more is your due,
Than my heart can even well repay;
Yet by your looks, methinks, I read,
You know that I am grateful;
And that I may ever dwell in your esteem,
My poor endeavours, (for poor indeed they are,)
Shall earnestly be bent how best to merit it,—
By impartially administering the law,
(As far as within my humble power lies.)
And justice mete, to one and all the same.

(*Rises.*)

The revels, which on the heels of our election run,
 You are invited, on the morrow, to attend,
 Meantime, good cheer and health to each.
 Yet, ere we depart,
 Let the loud anthem of our country's praise,
 Rise to the vault and firmament of heaven.

(They all rise.)

Organ.—(Anthem, by the Choir.)

RECITATIVE.

Let Altigneur, this day with joy abound!
 Let glee and mirth, from east to west resound!

GLEE.

A nation's thanks, this happy day, to heaven,
 With one accord, we wait our cheerful lays!
 A nation's thanks and gratitude is given,
 Then swell the chorus with your joyful praise!

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy we!
 A nation great, a nation free!
 Rejoice! rejoice! rejoice!

RECITATIVE.

Our walls shall ring with sweet melodious song,
 And peace and joy go hand in hand along!

GLEE.

A people's faith, bound by our country's love,
 Hurls stern defiance, and dares the aggressors power!
 A people's faith, whose shield is from above,
 Scorns the invader in danger's threatening hour!

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy we!
 A nation great, a nation free!
 Rejoice! rejoice! rejoice!

(Exeunt in the following order—Euphernia, attended by Benworio on the right, and Levantes on the left—Officers precede with Maces, &c.—People follow, shouting—Organ plays till the scene shuts.)

SCENE 4.

A Drawing Room in the Chateau—A Table with antique Box on it, marked with hieroglyphics—Chairs, &c.

(Enter Durelle and Lucette, bearing in a costly Indian Cabinet, with folding doors.)

Durelle.

Gently with it Lucette, gently, gently ; dont be in such a hurry ; you women are always in a hurry ; if there be but a scratch or soil upon it, three years' wages would scarcely be suffice to make it good ; for I heard my master speak on't the day it was purchased in Altigneur, as being exceeding costly, and has often wondered it had not yet been brought home.—*(Examines it.)*—Bless us alive, what a piece of work it is ! here Lucette, let's move it into the centre of the room, where master ordered it should be placed.—*(They move the Cabinet back.)*—There, there, now, Lucette, we can have a nice little quiet gossop together.—*(Reaches chairs, and sit.)*—It seems to me, Lucette, that I am never so happy as when we can steal a minute or so together. What say you, my pretty Lucette ?

Lucette.

Why I cannot exactly say, Durelle, for I do not think you love me quite so dearly as Foligne does our neighbour, Miss Cignette ; for you must know, that as our windows overlook her mother's garden, it does my heart good to take a sly peep at them when they are walking side by side together ; not that I am at all curious, you know, Durelle.

Durelle.

Oh, certainly not! you are very unlike the pëtticoats in general,—hem.—

Lucette.

For shame! Well, as I was going on to say, how fondly he puts his arm round her pretty neck.—(*Durelle puts his arm round her neck.*)—For shame! and then he kisses her so kindly,—(*Durelle attempts to kiss her*)—stop, stop, stop; and she as kindly kisses him again; then they shake hands, and kiss each other again, and again.

Durelle.

The picture is beyond endurance.—(*Kisses her.*)

Lucette.

For shame, Durelle. 'Till 'tis time for Foligne to return to Altigneur.

Durelle.

But, dear Lucette, do you know how it is you think I do not love you as does Foligne Cignette? Simply because, I am always with you; now, were I to leave you but for half an hour or so, you'd break your heart, and as soon as I returned, you'd come to life again, and dance for joy; hey, Lucette?

Lucette.

I do not exactly know that, either, Durelle, but, nevertheless, I am free to confess I like you, because you have ever been kind to me, but mind you this, Durelle, they say, that the strong in love, are strong in jealousy, therefore, when at the revels to-morrow, be sure you do not look at any of the lasses of Altigneur, for if you do—

Durelle.

And let me also hint, to you, my sweet Lucette, that when you are at the revels to-morrow, I do not catch you leering, with those pretty eyes, at the lads of Altigneur; for if you do—

Lucette.

Well, I promise you I wont.

(They shake hands, Durelle kisses her.)

Molemia, (without.)

Lucette!

Lucette.

For shame, Durelle! Bless me, there is my mistress calling; coming, madam, coming.—*(They hastily put aside the chairs.)*--I am all of a flutter, and entirely your fault, Durelle; I feel so hot in the face, that I am sure my mistress will see you have been making love to me.

Molemia---(without.)

Lucette!

Lucette.

Coming this instant madam.

(Arranging herself.)

Enter Molemia, with a nosegay of flowers.

Molemia.

Oh! here you are; never mind, Lucette, I had thought to have spent the afternoon in the Conservatory, but as the weather seems to threaten with a storm, I will forego it till some other time.—*(Seeing the Cabinet.)*—So the Cabinet is come at last,—*(Surveying it)*—and much to my liking. Brought the carrier news from Altigneur?

Durelle and Lucette.

Yes, madam ; O, yes !

Molemia.

To what effect ?

Lucette.

Why, ma'am,—

Durelle.

Now, let me—

Molemia.

Come, one at a time !

Durelle.

Why, ma'am, our worthy master is elected Prefect of Altigneur, and when the carrier left, he told me that the bells were ringing, guns firing, and such glorious works going on.

Molemia.

(Aside.)—Ah ! is it so ? Euphernia Prefect of Altigneur ?

Would those bells were tolling me to a quiet grave !
These eyes would then escape the sight,
Of that inevitable wreck,
Which must soon or late ensue ;
For well I know, that once possessed of power,
The controul the Demon holds,
Will urge him onwards, reckless of fate,
To destroy, annihilate, and level as he goes !
Are the revels appointed for the morrow ?

(To Durelle.)

Durelle.

Yes, ma'am, and our master said that Lucette and I should go,—*(Lucette touches Durelle)*—provided, ma'am, that you would let us.

Molemia.

You may both go, therefore, set your minds at ease.

Durelle and Lucette.

Thank you, madam, thank you.

(Bowing and courtseying.)

Molemia.

(To Lucette.)—Should Euphernia come, you will find me in the eastern Corridor.

Lucette.

I'll call you, ma'am, the moment my master comes.—*(Exit Molemia.)*—Why, bless me Durelle; did you notice how pale she turned, when you told her master was elected Prefect of Altigneur? as if *I* should have cared, if people had brought me news that *you* had been elected Prefect.

Durelle.

Very true, Lucette, very true; but between you and I, there is something exceedingly strange altogether about this place, as well as the people in it; for ever since last Friday night, I have never got the noises out of my head which I then heard.

Lucette.

Noises, Durelle? What noises? Now dont frighten me, Durelle.

Durelle.

No, I won't, if I can help it, Lucette; but, however, if you *must* know, that being over fatigued, I was restless, and could not, for the soul of me, get a wink of sleep; when about twelve o'clock, or something thereabouts, I certainly heard, in the Refectory, and rooms adjoining, such noises, that I thought the whole building was tumbling about my ears.

Lucette.

Dear me, Durelle, do you think it was evil spirits ?

(The folding doors of the Cabinet gradually open—Euphernia appears, and, unperceived, comes down between them.)

Durelle.

I cannot say whether they were, or were not, but if they *were* evil spirits, master was—

Euphernia.

What ? Durelle !

(They both start in consternation.)

Durelle.

Bless us above, master, how you terrified us ; we thought you were at least, two leagues off, and did not expect you home this hour or more.

Euphernia.

Silence !

Durelle.

Yes, Sir—but if it please you, Sir, Lucette was to call my mistress, as soon as you arrived.

Euphernia.

I know it.—Lucette—

Lucette !—call your mistress.

(Lucette is lost in thought.)

Lucette.

Ye—ye—yes ! Sir.

(Exit, suspiciously eyeing Euphernia.)

Euphernia.

Durelle,—I would be alone—
Leave me.—

(Exit Durelle.)

Now to my work !
The wished for time is come, and authority is mine !
The Destroyer forth, and the country round
Shall rue the fatal hour !—Kinsmen and friends,
And the stranger of foreign climes,
Shall all alike endure the dreadful scourge.
The power which I've attained,
Shall be turned to mischief's count :
The brother shall fall, though not by the brother's
hand ;
Yet, shall the brother suffer.
The midnight burnings, of stacks and barns,
And firing of farmer's homes,
Shall be laid at the door, of the innocent and free !
Sacrilege shall be upon those avenged,
Whose pious prayers were ever offered to avert it.
I' the capacity I have attained,
I'll play the tyrant for the time :
Those who have injured me shall suffer ;
And no deed, however ruthless,
Shall pass unheeded, or be left undone,
That I may drain, in full,
The deepest measure of my revenge.
The world, by shows of charity, I've deceived ;
The world I hate :
Come, then, thou spirit of darkness ;
'Take possession here !
Nor sleep, nor waking, let whining pity find,
A resting place within this bosom more.
But soft, Molemia comes.—

(Enter Molemia.)

Molemia.

Dearest Euphernia, welcome home again !

(Embraces him.)

Welcome ! welcome ! to thy Molemia's arms.
Oh ! that I could say, the news from Altigneur.
Were but a thousand'th part so grateful to mine ear,
As is thy presence welcome to my sight !

Euphemia.

How, sweet Molemia, what mean you ?

Molemia.

Alas ! Euphemia, is it to thee a *wonder* then ?
 That where the heart is firmly bound
 By affection deep, and love that knows no end,
 That it should bleed, in sorrow bleed,
 When the secret monitor
 Whispers in solemn silence to the ear,
 (Which in spite of every effort, *will* yet be heard,)
 That the soul the heart most loves to cherish,
 Is in danger of perdition ? (*Euphemia starts.*)
 Nay, start not. The dreadful sequel
 To that all destroying contract,
 So rashly made in an unguarded hour,
 Some twelve years since, (come two moons more,)
 When wine, not reason, possessed thy brain,
 Is partially now in force ;
 Nay ! 'tis useless to conceal it,
 For from the moment the Prefect no longer office
 held,
 From *that* moment the deadly spell begun.
 Euphemia ! dearest Euphemia ! pause,
 Pause yet a while, and in time reflect ;
 Forego, at once, this empty title, this merely
 sounding name ;
 If honor thoud'st have, buy honor with honor ;
 'Tis not too late to retract ;
 For by the scroll which yonder case contains,
 I know the final binding to the contract is not yet
 made,
 For in that 'tis clearly written,
 After the revels which follow thy election,
 Thou art required to attend the Demon of the Mine,
 To affix the seal to that accursed bond.

Euphemia—(sullenly.)

And so I will.

Molemia.

Oh, Euphernia! if not for the love of heaven,
In mercy yet have pity on these tears.

Look on me, Euphernia! thy devoted wife;

(Kneels.)

Whose knees, as yet, have ne'er to mortal bowed,
Are bent in earnest supplication at thy feet.

Oh! do not leave me; go not to the revels, I implore thee!

Stay with thy poor Molemia!

Stay, Euphernia, or my heart will break!

Could'st thou but shake off this toil,

The arch fiend has set to ensnare thee in,

All would be well.

(Rises.)

Come, Euphernia!—come, love!

We'll on the instant quit Genaize,

And seek a refuge on more congenial shores;

All the day long we'll talk of love,

And sing our songs of by-gone happy days;

Heaven will shelter us in its mercy;

All nature will smile around;

The birds shall warble their native woodland lays,

And the lark on high, shall swell its note of gratulation;

Nay, all shall feel one universal joy,

That my blest Euphernia's *saved*!

(Falls on his neck.)

Euphernia.

Each breath she breathes, stabs me to the soul!

Whilst every word holds conscience by the throat:

I prithee desist from weeping;

Nay, nay, dry up thy tears.

(Aside)—With all my sternness, this is more than I can bear.

To-morrow, love, to the revels will I go,

And at night, to my engagement,

Will reach the Sulphur Mine,

But no ratification shall e'er take place,



EUPHERNIA.

23

For rather would I now *undo*
That which has been already *done*.
I'll free myself from this, Molemia,
And for thy sake, return the scroll.
Our future days we'll spend in sweet repose,
In calm retirement and peace.
We'll now to rest, the night breaks in apace.
Come, Molemia, all shall yet be well !
Come ! come ! *(Exeunt)*

End of Act the First.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Market Place of Altigneur—Booths and shows are seen—Groups of people passing, and re-passing—Characters range in front—Bells ringing—Music, &c.

CHORUS.

All hail the morn ! all hail the hour !
 Come trip it round the festive bower !
 Both old and young, the grave and gay !
 Whilst with joy each heart abounds,
 The Lute and Tabor's merry sounds,
 Shall usher in the happy day !

(Bells.)

Hark ! the bells in merry peal,
 Kindling joy, where woe and weal,
 Would fain controul and sway !
 But down with sorrow, down with care,
 The hearts of all, of Altigneur,
 Hail with joy this happy day !

Young Foligne.

Come, Cigarette, be merry girl ; all Altigneur is on the wing of joy to-day. Cheer up, soon as the Prefect shall have passed the Market Place, we'll retire and join in the merry dance.

Cigarette.

I promised you, Foligne, last night, at parting, that I *would* come, but, alas ! the recollection of my dear home makes me almost insensible to the joyous scene before me ; yet I will rally for *thy* sake,

and be cheerful once again. Now, Foligne, take heed,—let no lad of Altigneur escape thy vigilant eye to-day, for should a kiss be stolen these lips, I'll make thee forfeit for thy want of watchfulness.

Foligne.

Oh! fear me not, Cignette; I should deem him of stout heart indeed, who would dare to be the aggressor.—(*Pedlar comes down with wares.*)—Look! what has this fellow here to sell? Here's a true love's knot, this must you wear for *my* sake.—The price, Sir?

Pedlar.

A goodly groat, and it please you honour.

Foligne.

There is thy money; here, Cignette, let me pin it to thy bosom,—(*Fastens it to her bosom*)—and whoever dares divide it with thee else, than thy Foligne, 'twere better he did not challenge me to wrestle i'the dyke, for he'd most surely rue it. Ah! here comes Durelle and Lucette, and with them, the merry old Gufergne.—(*Enter Durelle, Lucette, and Gufergne.*)—Worthy Durelle, how fares thee, lad, and thy Lucette?

Lucette.

Not *exactly* his Lucette, master Foligne.

Gufergne.

You're right, not *exactly* his; very well introduced that—hem.—

Foligne.

My worthy friend Gufergne—your hand, my boy,—how does the world use thee?

Gufergne.

Why in good sooth, master Foligne, as Miss

Lucette says, can't *exactly* speak to that, but by appearances, it seems to go pretty well with you, though for my own poor part, this *be* the day of revels, I can't get myself, somehow or the other, into the right vein at all; three goodly stoups of wine, this morning only, can my poor brains well be charged withal, but that's no reason why I should'nt try a fourth, and that too immediately, for I begin to find myself marvellously faint.—Come master Durelle, and *your* Lucette, and Foligne and *your* Cignette, I dont *exactly* see why we should'nt forthwith adjourn, and take a carousing stoup together, upon this great occasion.

Durelle and the rest.

Agreed! Agreed! *(Shouts without.)*

Foligne.

Here comes the Prefect, Euphernia of the Forest. Cignette, remain here my love, the whilst I seek my Father out, who wished to join us, and we'll be with thee on the instant.—Adieu.

(Exit.)

*(Enter Euphernia and Authorities—
People cheer him as he enters—He
courteously returns their salutations.)*

Euphernia.

Nay, dispense with ceremony, I do beseech ye—
My heart rejoices, ye men of Altigneur,
To see you thus in gladness now surround me;
Keep up your pastime, whiles yet I'm with you,
Nor relax till wholesome time shall bid desist.—
Cignette,—I believe, if mine eye mistakes me not?
How, my fair one, is the youth Foligne?
Makes he one of us to-day?

Cignette.

In verity, he does, most honor'd Sir.

(Courtseying.)

Euphernia.

Our forest stamps a healthful ruby o'er thy cheek,
 And as the rose supplants in beauty all around,
 So, thy fair face eclipses all else that's here!
 How well thy sweet and heaving bosom,
 Becomes this true-love's twining emblem—
 Yet 'tis not meet thou should'st wear it thus entire;
 I'll make so bold, to rend it thus in twain.

(Tears off the knot.)

So—so—one half for me,
 The *other* for thy beauteous self—
 And lastly, seal the stealth with this.—*(Kisses her)*
 Nay, nay, blush not Cigarette,
 Foligne will merely rail when he returns,
 That thou hast a trifle lost,
 Which, in truth, he values not an atom.

Cigarette.

For that, Sir, Foligne must answer for himself—
 O, here he comes!—*(Foligne comes down.)*—I
 bade you watch, Foligne, before you left; see,
 what comes of your neglectfulness.

(Shewing the knot.)

Foligne.

Good Sir, your station should teach you to forbear a freedom such as this; and but for your calling, poor as I am, I should resent this insult;—it seems, in truth, still more unseemly, that you should challenge Cigarette from amongst her friends, to be the object of your passing jest. Come, cheer up.—*(Cigarette stands motionless.)*—Some witchcraft's here! The girl is dumb!

Euphernia.

Foligne! come boy,—I'prithee be not jealous—
(Aside)—This cloak in an instant rids thee from my sight,
 E're thou hast time to pause on what is past.—

Come, come,—from the respect I bear Cigarette,
 As being our neighbour in the Forest,
 I had thought, on this occasion,
 'To have shewn thee token of my regard,
 I crave your acceptance, therefore, of this cloak,
 'Twill serve to shield thee from the cold,
 Whene'er your love-bound steps in beauty's ser-
 vitude,
 Are bent towards the cottage at Genaize.

Foligne.

I beg, Sir, to be excused.

Euphemia.

Nay, dispense with anger, try if it *fits* thee,
 I'll warrant thee it does--so--so—

*(Throws the cloak over Foligne, who
 instantly sinks into the earth.)*

Gone! ha! ha! ha! *(Fiendish laugh.)*

How now, my fair one?

Saw'st thou Foligne pass by?

He's moody turned at this adventure,

And in sullenness, has abandoned thee,—

'Till he returns, I'prith thee walk awhile;

Be assured he's waiting for thee in the midst,

To join in the festive dance.

Nay, nay—be of courage girl,—

Retire, and seek his father out, *(Cigarette retires.)*

He, perhaps, can tell you where to find him.

*Euphemia stands for a moment in exul-
 tation, and then goes off.)*

MUSIC.—BALLET BY THE CHARACTERS.

(Old Foligne and Cigarette come down.)

Old Foligne.

Indeed, Cigarette, I have seen my boy but once
 to-day, and that some twenty minutes since, when
 we agreed to meet to-gether at your kinsman's in
 the Maize.

Cigarette.

'Tis strange, indeed; he had some words with the Prefect as he passed, and in an instant after did I miss him; surely he's not jealous of the trifling notice paid me by Euphernia, and left me thus in anger; if so, he has most unjustly wronged me, for naught was meant, as could be clearly seen, to give him cause to be uneasy.

Old Foligne

Oh! no; that could *never* be; my boy is too confiding to be *suspicious*. Come, cheer up, Cigarette, we shall find him yet; do not despair; 'tis but a lover's idle trick, to excite your fears and apprehension. We'll straight to the Maize; no doubt, by this, he's there.—Cheer up, girl, cheer up!
(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE 2.

Interior of Room at the Chateau—Windows open to the ground—Sofa—Table and Chairs—Enter Gufergne, drunk, with a candle and a drinking horn.

Gufergne.

Well, master Gufergne, here's a pretty row de dow; these are the blissful fruits of the Election; as they have, however, this year chosen my excellently beloved master, a little extra head ache, on the occasion, ought certainly be borne with becoming fortitude and meekness.—Well, the moon shines bonnily, and wit's not at an end,—though the liquor (by the bye) very nearly *is*,---for in attempting to broach a barrel of Burgundy, in order to pronounce judgment upon its flavour before I night-capped, I let the d---'d vent peg go, and our precious cellar's like a horse-pond. What will master say when he comes home? He wont

say *much* ; that's certain ; for being a tolerable easy sort of man, (like myself) a liberty can with safety taken with him ; so that when I tell the truth, (as a goodly truth-teller I aver I am,) how the disaster happened, he'll only say, how's this, worthy Gufergne ? And I shall as courteously reply—how's this, worthy master ? and simply assure him in right good candour, that the devil was in the vent peg, and that it was nothing touching my dexterity and skill, as tapster.---But stop a little, most inestimable Gufergne—not too fast—the wine, which I contrived to catch in little temperate draughts, (that it should not entirely be wasted,) begins now to get a-head of my brains.—I certainly feel very queer ---(*Noise without.*)—By a flagon of Burgundy, I hear a noise ; —speak, and quickly too,—

(*Presents drinking horn, as if a weapon
of defence at Durelle, who enters with
a candle in his hand.*)

Art the devil or his next of kin ?

Durelle.

Neither, I hope. Why, Gufergne ; how's this ? What ails thee, ruby ? Not yet shot of the effects of the revels ?

Gufergne.

I know not *that*, most abundant Durelle ; but of this be assured, (and for your honor's sake let the secret no further go,) that if the stars could well be numbered, *I* am not the man to count them ; yet, rely on this, Durelle, (your ear, another secret,) I'm not *drunk*, but simply upon the borders of it.

Durelle.

Well, well, be that as it may ; I must needs sit up for master, and to pass away an hour or two, what say you to a hand of cards ?

Gufergne.

With all my heart, Durelle.

Durelle.

I have a pack within reach—(*takes cards out of the Table Drawer.*)

Gufergne (sings).

Wine, wine, is a very good thing,
Fit drink for the peasant or king!
Fit drink for the peasant or king!

Durelle.

Now, Gufergne, we'll play for a stoup of wine to be drank in Altigneur, when next in town together.

Gufergne.

Agreed, agreed, and further, too, whoever wins, shall have Lucette into the bargain.

Durelle.

No—no—no—I'll play you with all my heart for the wine, but I'll not chance *Lucette*. Here, move the table forward.—(*They move the table and sit.*)—Now, Gufergne, I'll deal first.—(*Deals*) Keep up your hand Gufergne. (*They play.*)

Gufergne.

Aye—aye—there, the first trick's mine; luck my boy's, in Burgundy; though not a word about the cellar.—(*Aside.*)---Now follow suit.—(*Knocking.*)---Who the devil's that?

Durelle.

By the *knock*, it should be my master; but never mind, (it being holiday time,) if 'tis.

(*Goes to the door.*)

Gufergne.

Oh! no, never mind if 'tis—bravery's catching—

good soul, he's the first to appreciate a brother's infirmities, and will doubtless forgive us all our sins at such a time as this. I'll be as upright as I can.

(Euphemia suddenly appears in the chair vacated by Durelle.)

Durelle—(at the door.)

Who's there ?

Cigarette (without).

Cigarette, of the Cottage.

Durelle.

Cigarette ? What in the name of goodness can she want at this time of night ?

Gufergne.

Me ! no doubt ; but say I'm deeply engaged in cellar matters, and cannot be disturbed.

Durelle.

Pshaw ! nonsense ;—*(Opens door.)*---Come in, Cigarette, come in. *(Enter Cigarette.)*

Cigarette.

Oh ! Durelle, pardon the intrusion at this late hour of night. I pray you, is your master at home ?

Durelle.

No, Cigarette ; he's not yet returned from Altigneur.

Euphemia.

He is here ! Cigarette ;
What would'st thou with him ?

(Gufergne rushes towards Durelle—they look in amazement at Euphemia.)

Cigarette.

Most worthy Sir, since last Foligne was seen in

ment seizes me, that our Cottage is not free from harm—and then, my mother too—(*Pauses.*)—but wherefore should such thoughts o’ertake me?—my mother sleeps in peace; I *know* she does. I’ll forward on my journey then, with speed, cheered with the hope to find my poor Foligne, and that together we may return to bless her aged eyes again. (*Exit.*)

SCENE 4.

*Subterranean Interior of the Sulphur Mine—
Lamps down—Music—First singing Spirit rises
with a Wand.*

AIR.

Spirits prepare
Your magic rare!
To greet Euphemia here!
He comes below!
His fate to know!
Spirits arise! he’s near, he’s near!

*(Zotermio rises seated on a Throne
hewn out of a rock, with a flight of
three steps on either side; on each step
kneels a spirit on one knee, bearing in
his hand a crude mass, with a sulphur
colored light issuing from it.)*

CHORUS.—(*At rising*)

We come! we come! let all the caverns round,
With acclamations loud, Euphemia’s name resound!

AIR.

See, through the cavern roof he makes his way,
Ye spirits greet him with your mystic lay!

*(Euphemia descends and alights on the
throne, he stands awhile, and surveys
the scene before him.)*

GLEE.

Welcome! welcome to these realms below!
Where fate and destiny we shew!

Here the sulphur lamps burn we,
And midnight orgies sing in glee !

CHORUS.

Hail ! Prince of spells !
Hail ! Prince sublime !
We greet Eupherna
To the Sulphur Mine !

(Eupherna and Zolermio come down together.)

Eupherna.

Behold, Zolermio, I'm here to the appointed hour,
Tho' predetermined to seal to no engagement,
Which authority contains, to bind me further ;
And as earnest of this, my true and firm resolve,
I here give back the scroll.

(Offers Scroll to Zolermio, who hesitates at taking it.)

For in truth, I do much relent me,
The exercise I've already made,
Of the power with which 'tis vested ;
And tho' I could have greater mischief wro't,
Destruction hurl'd on every side around,
Yet still my aching heart misgives,
And fain would side with virtue still.

Zolermio.

Can no controul of power tempt thee ?

Eupherna.

To be brief, I fear me not ;
But if to attain my ends, which foiled ambition,
And dire revenge would prompt,
And all desires made perfect,
I may henceforth wish for or demand,
I'll seal to work this havoc further,
Provided the victims shall be *numbered* ;
And sent within a given mark of time.

converse with you, we have in vain sought him throughout the streets of Altigneur, and it is much to be feared some violent hands have laid hold upon him. Let me entreat you, therefore, to offer some reward which may lead us to discover what has befallen him.

Euphernia.

It shall be done, even as you request.

Durelle;—Durelle! *(Both start.)*

Ink and paper. *(Durelle puts ink and paper.)*

Regardless of the time of night,

Take this to my Secretary,

(Gives note to Cigarette.)

At the western entrance of Altigneur;

There let the Drawbridge bell be sounded;

Upon the instant he shall arouse;

Bid him from me, without delay,

Use all the vigilance he can command,

To find the object of your anxious search.

And post the reward throughout the town,

By time of sunrise. Durelle, see to the door.

Durelle.

I will, Sir.

(Opens door.)

Cigarette.

I am truly grateful for your kindness, Sir.

Euphernia.

Enough; farewell, Cigarette. *(Exit Cigarette.)*

You may to rest. *(Exit Gufergne and Durelle.)*

Straight to devastation's work again! *(Pauses.)*

It must be done!

Now to torture thee yet deeper still;

Foligne, alone, not only I've destroyed,

But soon I'll add another to the list,

Whom thou shalt pine for all thy days to come.

Thy youth and beauty shall in a moment fade,

And every future hour of life,
 Be in madness, tears, and sorrow spent!
 But I'm idling time:
 Now whilst the country round is steep'd in sleep,
 Will I fire the lonely Cottage of Cigarette,
 And let her mother perish in the flames!
 No hand is near to save her,
 And when her hapless child
 From her fruitless search returns,
 The smoking ruins of once their happy home,
 Shall in an instant pronounce her mother's fate.
 Had'st thou, Cigarette, consented to be mine,
 No harm should e'er have reached thee:
 But, 'tis too late,—
 Thy mother too is number'd with the doomed.
 The lanthorn should be here.

(Seeks Lanthorn and lights it, puts out the Candles, and goes to the door and listens.)

All's quiet—silent as the grave.

MUSIC.—(Exit through the window—is seen to fire the thatched Roof of the Cottage, which is instantly in flames—The form of an aged female is seen at a window, with arms upraised in supplication—Re-enters—Looks for a moment at the fire through the sash, and exclaims in fiendish exultation)—

'Tis done! 'tis done! ha! ha! ha! *(Exit.)*

SCENE 3.

Road to Alligneur.

(Enter Cigarette, with a Lanthorn.)

Cigarette.

Ah! me; I would that I were there, and had returned again; for suddenly a strange forebode-

her without delay, to relieve her anxious mind, for she has done nothing but ring, ring, ring, every ten minutes for these last two hours or more, to know if he is returned. Call Lucette, let her take it instantly.

Gufergne.

Lucette ; Lucette, I say !

Lucette—(without).

I hear you—*(Entering)*—dонт bawl so loud ; What's the matter ?

Gufergne—(with formality.)

That I can't *exactly* say, madam, you must glean the information you seek of your better half that is to be ; a fig upon such taste say I, when all that's interesting and captivating, was once at your command. Can't *exactly* fathom such taste !

Durelle.

Here, Lucette, take this letter to your mistress, —*(Gives letter)*—'tis from Altigneur, and from our master ; but soft, she comes. Gufergne, we'll retire awhile. *(They retire.)*

Gufergne.

Exactly so !

(Enter Molemia.)

Molemia.

Is my lov'd master yet returned, Lucette ?

Lucette.

No, madam, but a letter is brought this moment to the gate, and I was about to attend you with it. *(Presents letter.)*

Molemia.

Give it me.

(*Reads.*)

"Dearest Molemia,

"Detained on special matters of deep consideration, connected with affairs of *Altigneur*, I send instructions by the youth *Denaine*, that I shall be at the Chateau by the hour of eleven.

"Your's devotedly,

"EUPHERNIA."

Then all again is tranquil here ;
Alas ! this fluttering heart did most misgive,
When perchance it least had cause.
Durelle, I prithee what is the hour ?

Durelle.

Just past the stroke of nine, madam.

Molemia.

Your master sups at home to-night ;
See all things ready for his repast.

Durelle.

I shall, madam.

Molemia.

You may retire.—

(*Exeunt Durelle, Gufergne, and Lucette.*)

Thou peace destroying canker, dire suspense !
Fell tyrant o'er the soul's repose,
When shall I be from thee freed ?
Could'st thou, Euphernia, behold this care-worn
heart,
Scan its contents, as thou'dst a tablet read,
A blush i'the instant would mantle o'er thy cheek,
To behold the havoc thou hast committed there !
Lur'd by thy form in early gentle youth,
Mine eye on thee was fixed,
And swiftly the responding look was given,

Zolermio.

It is agreed !

Let *seven*, therefore, be consigned,
Before the fall of the expiring moon ;
But should the fulfilment of this prove short,
Remember,—thy career is finished !
And from that hour forth, art doomed
To serve me here to never ending time !

Euphernia.

As many as this, can I on the instant count ;
Therefore, I'll straight my attestation give ;
For of the cup of guilt,
I've drunk so deep already,
That I'm reckless now how soon my task is
finished !

Zolermio.

Spirit advance !

(First Spirit advances—takes scroll of Zolermio, and unrolls it—he presents it on his knee to Euphernia, who makes signs of attestation.—The Spirit rolls it again—returns it to Euphernia and retires to his former station.)

Euphernia.

Now to earth again !
Zolermio, fare thee well !

Zolermio.

Farewell, Euphernia !
Remember !

(Music.—They ascend the Throne together—Euphernia ascends—Zolermio ascends.)

CHORUS—(at descending.)

Hail ! Prince of spells !
Hail ! Prince sublime !
We greet Euphernia
To the Sulphur Mine !

(Scene shuts.)

SCENE 5.

*An Apartment in the Chateau—Chairs, &c.—
Clock striking Nine—Enter Durelle, counting
the Clock.*

Durelle.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine! well, what can all this mean? master not yet returned; ever since five his dinner has been ready, and now 'twould scarcely prove a beggar's worth the eating, for all is spoilt. There is something in this, totally beyond my comprehension; for since the election, his wonted regularity to be at home, as well as observance of his meals, is altogether different to his former habits.—*(Knocking.)*—Hark! there's some one knocking; 'tis he no doubt; Gufergne, look to the door.

Gufergne—(without.)

Ay, ay! I am at my post.

Durelle.

Doubtless that, and fast asleep to boot. I'm afraid 'tis not my master, for of late when he knocks, it sets us all of a tremble, though sometimes, indeed, he saves us the trouble of opening a door, or himself of knocking either. It's very mysterious certainly.—*(Enter Gufergne examining a letter.)*—Now Gufergne, what have you there?

Gufergne.

A letter; and by my worn out sight, it should be from my master, here—*(Gives Durelle the letter.)*—see what you can make of it.

Durelle.

It requires no conjurer to tell that. It is from him, and for my mistress. Let it be conveyed to

When heart for heart, and soul for soul was
plighted!

Ah! that indeed was love;
Which nor time, nor place, has ever changed!
That beaming smile, on whose bright cheering ray,
I so fondly loved to live and dwell,
As the poor moth flits hovering in delight
Around the taper's gleam,
All joy and ecstasy unutterable!
No look of thine, nor feature's change,
But was thy Molemia's anxious care.
Ah, me! that a heart like thine,
Should e'er have been beguil'd,
To revel in foul and ill begotten power,
On whose high and noble quality,
Till then, expanse had set no bounds!
And all for blind ambition!
Alas! if wiser, or by sins seductive aid,
Thou know'st more than mortals be given to know,
Art happier, in thy soul, Euphernia?
Oh! no, no, 'tis impossible!
But whate'er thou art, or whate'er thou may'st be,
In despite of all, I yet will love thee still!

(Enter Durelle.)

Durelle.

Madam, my master is arrived.

Molemia—(impatiently.)

Cause no delay, say I am here.

Durelle.

Madam, I will.

(Exit Durelle.)

Molemia.

Oh! peevish interim! thou tedious dragging time!
When the heart elate is bounding with delight,
To clasp the object of its truest love.

(Enter Euphernia.)

Dearest Euphernia! how fares thee? speak!

Riches, power, authority, and name!"
But this, remember, was not all,—
For looking steadfastly at my guest,
No movement of the lips was seen;
On the instant, allowing no time for pause,
And seemingly unconscious of hearing that,
Which I so clearly, and distinctly heard,
He challenged me to another bowl of wine,
And hastily fill'd our goblets to the brim;
Drown'd in thought, and regardless what I did,
I pledged him in return,—
An agitation of the blood suddenly ensued,
And I felt my soul on fire!
Seizing the moment, to recollection lost,
He proposed the contents of that abhorred deed,
Which upon my subscribing to,
Should, for all future days to come,
Buy wealth unbounded, and power without con-
troul.

For many years succeeding this,
Of the scroll, I made no further use,
Than barely served to keep me stored in gold,
To buy report by open deeds of good,
And smother busy scandal with a bribe,
Whene'er occasion needed it.
I saw him no more till the eve of my election,
When at midnight I was warned,
That soon as with authority I was vested,
Forthwith to meet him at the Mine,
To ratify the bond.
I did so; and in a breath I tell thee,—
(Oh! dreadful to disclose!)
I am enjoin'd, e'er this moon be out,
To consign seven victims more, to his damn'd abode,
To snatch myself from serving him for ever!

Molemia—(rising breathlessly.)

And did'st thou seal to this?

Euphemia.

I did; and would to heaven, (though now too late,)

I could recall the fatal deed!

Molemia—(fainting).

Support me hence—

Yet, hear me now Euphemia,—

For I feel impress'd 'tis the last breath,

I shall e'er give utterance with again:

I have loved thee, with more than woman's love,

From the first moment we each other met,—

And tho' regardless of all my timely warnings,

I yet will bless thee with my latest breath!

Alas! I can no more;—

I feel a dizziness, gathering a'fore mine eyes,

And a heavy—heavy—pressure here;

(Laying her hand on her heart.)

Oh! lead me to my couch, whilst yet I may,

There let me seek repose!

Euphemia.

A little rest will yet restore thee,

And for thy Euphemia's sake,

I prithee do not droop:

Come! come!—

*(Molemia gazes on him for a moment,
and bursts into tears.—Exeunt.)*

End of Act the Second.

ACT III.

SCENE 1.

Outskirts of the Forest of Genaize.

(Enter Old Foligne and Cignette.)

Cignette—(deranged.)

Come, come, old man, bear up—your son will soon be found, and then I shall be married—'tis getting late—let's home to our cottage, where my poor Mother waits me.—Alas! I had well nigh forgot—she has no wood—and her fire will soon be out.—*(Shrieks.)*—Fire! did I say? then comes back to me my mother's funeral pile! I'm not so mad, but well do I remember, on my return at night, I found upon the spot where once stood our blest abode, the dying embers of its ruins.—*(Thinking she sees Euphernia.)*—Ah! monster! give me back my cottage—in mercy, restore to me my Mother!—or by the everlasting stars, thou diest not a death on this eternal earth, but by these devoted hands!—All the night long, and following day, have they been digging for my poor Mother's bones! but, alas! I could not find them.—*(Pauses.)*—How cold it is.—Father, I know you—yes—indeed, I do.—I married your son—but he's no where to be found.—*(Listens.)*—Hark! my Mother calls—she calls again.—Yes, Mother, I come—I come, Mother—I come!—

(Falls on her knees, and seems to be turning over embers with her hands.)

Old Foligne.

What a sickening sight is this; to behold the

last survivor of my fondest hope, bereft of intellect and reason. Poor girl! what will become of thee? All thy little worth perished in the flames—yet, what *I* have, thou shalt freely share, and a Father's prayer be daily offered up, to restore thee to thyself again. Poor thing! 'tis more than I can bear,—still does she think she seeks her Mother. Come, Cigarette! give o'er your painful search. Come, come home with me; you've nothing tasted these twenty hours or more.—Come, come.
(*Trys to raise her.*)

Cigarette.

I thank you, Sir, I will not eat. (*Sings.*)

My true love's gone and left me,
Never to return!
My Mother's gone and left me,
And left our cot to burn!

But soon will she return again,
And soon my lover too;
Soon she'll be back to burn again,
Soon he'll be back to woo!

(*Foligne raises her.*)

Hush! do you hear the bells? 'tis my wedding peal. Come, old man, you shall go and see me married to Foligne.—(*Turns, and thinks she gives her hand to her Mother.*)—Come, Mother, you must go too.—Hark! do you hear the bells? Now Foligne, I'm ready!—Come, Come! (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE 2.

Interior of the Forest—Night—Storm, with Thunder and Lightning.

(*Enter Euphernia, wrapped in a Mantle.*)

Euphernia.

By well concerted spies, I've this day learned,
Two travellers, with yearly tribute due to Altigneur,

the Forest road to-night :—

Like I have, like the strongest man, I shall be
prey.

The time is short to render the victims due ;

Therefore, with their wealth,

I needs must have their lives.—

Should they be attended, the better still,

For they must suffer too,

To swell the number to be destroyed.—

But soft ! I hear the approach of footsteps.—

Who's there ? *(Enter two Travellers.)*

First Traveller.

Friends !

Euphemia.

How prove you that you are so ?

First Traveller.

Please you worthy stranger, we are bound to
Altigneur, but the Forest glades have rendered
sight almost useless ; and the storm makes on so
fast, that we fain would shelter near, if such can be.

Euphemia.

Heard I not more footsteps than your own ?

Second Traveller.

You did ; we had come to within a rood of this
on horseback, but it being so dark, our grooms
have fastened our steeds to a tree hard by, as it be-
came dangerous to venture further on their backs.

Euphemia.

'Tis dangerous as it is—

For in this Forest, all intricate and wild,

Lies many a thief in secret ambush hid ;—

Yet, if you'll on with me

To yonder light which through the window shines,

I'll shelter give to both from further danger ;
And on the early dawn, proceed to Altigneur.

First Traveller.

We thank thee much—I pray thee lead the way.

Euphernia.

Nay, proceed, and I will follow ;
Straight for the light— (*Exeunt Travellers.*)
The light which leads you to your fate !

MUSIC—(*Draws Lanthorn from under his Mantle, (which falls off) and turns the light towards the Travellers—he goes off, and immediately two reports of fire arms are heard—Re-enters with a casket of gold.*)

Both down—two out of seven—ha ! ha ! ha !

But soft, more footsteps—now for a third.

(*Enter First Groom.*)

First Groom.

Surely I heard the report of fire arms this way.

Euphernia.

You did—take that as a warrantry.

(*Stabs him, and runs off.*)

First Groom.

Oh ! villain, I am slain ! help ! help !

(*Enter second Groom.*)

Second Groom---(*Lightning.*)

Ha ! that flash was just in time. O, speak, I prithee, brother speak, how was this ?

First Groom.

Lose not a moment—pursue the murderer in the direction of yonder light.—Oh ! pursue. (*Dies.*)

Second Groom.

I will, and find him too, unless I'm doomed to fall like thee.—(*Stumbles against the Mantle.*)—What's here? a mantle by the feel, and doubtless dropped by the fled assassin. (*Exit.*)

SCENE 3.

Another part of the Forest.

(*Enter Groom with Mantle.*)

Groom.

I've suddenly missed the light, or by stratagem the murderer has extinguished it, to thwart pursuit. What must be done? The darkness of the night is now so great, that every step I take, is taken in uncertainty, but the protecting hand of Heaven, will never fail to direct the way in unmasking a monster so terrible as this.—(*Lightning*)—Ah! a window close at hand, and lights appearing. Now to pursue the object of my search. (*Exit.*)

SCENE 4.

The apartment in the Chateau, with French windows—A Couch, Table, Lights burning.—(Enter Euphernia breathless, secretes the Casket under the Couch.)

Euphernia.

Surely there was another, or mine ear deceiv'd me; Coward that I was to quit the spot so soon.

(*Listens.*)

Hark! footsteps again, then am I pursued.—

(*Puts out lights.*)

Now, steady for the fourth---

(*Enter Molemia through the window.*)

Down! with thy comrades to the shades below!—

(Stabs Molemia, who shrieks and falls.)

Ha! what have I done? it is Molemia's voice!

What ho! lights! lights! Durelle!—Gufergne!—
lights!

*(Enter Durelle, Gufergne, and Lucette,
with Lights.)*

Here, help to raise thy mistress—

I pri'thee speak Molemia! *(They raise her.)*

I knew not 'twas thee Molemia!

For rather would I have sacrificed the world,

'Though it were peopled ten-fold in number,

'Than e'er have injured thee!

Oh, speak! I pri'thee speak, Molemia!

Forgive! forgive thy lost Euphernia!

Or madness hence will seize me!

*(They support her—she gradually opens
her eyes, and with a look of affection,
clasps him round the neck, kisses him,
and dies.—They remove the body to
the Couch—Euphernia arousing from
a state of abstraction.)*

Demons of hell, why was I doomed to this?

If, such another wretch

Breathes upon this globe's terrestrial surface,

Let him now be sent to combat me!

(Turns to domestics.)

Durelle, 'tis meet I should explain;

I was pursued, and closely prest,

By those who sought to harm me of my life,

And rushed to my house for shelter,—

In an instant after, I heard a step advancing,

And cautiously remained behind the sash,

'Till I knew the object was fully within my reach;

In self-defence, I raised my knife,

And buried it—(O! fatal moment!)

In the bosom of my soul's own love!

Alas! thou beauteous death—thou lovely bleeding
corse!

How mournful is this sight ! *(Weeps.)*

Naught else could move mine eye to tears,
For now methinks the world is but a blank !
'That thou should'st an untimely death have met,
And fall by thy husband's ruthless hand,
Is more than fate had destined to be borne !

(Kneels beside the Couch.)

Oh ! blest Molemia !

If that thy hovering spirit can breathe forgiveness,
In mercy, breathe it now,
And stay the wracking of this bursting heart !

Durelle.

Assist to remove him quietly away ;—*(They raise him.)* his feelings have quite o'ercome him.
Come, master, come !

MUSIC.—*(Lucette remains mourning over the body of her mistress—As Euphemia is being led off, the Demon suddenly appears, and derisively points to the body of Molemia.)*—*TABLEAU.*

SCENE 5.

A Room Scene.

(Enter Gufergne with a box.)

Gufergne.

Well, well—truly what a wagging world is this !
what a world of waggery ! what a precious world
of wagging wags ! In good faith, am I most
strangely posed betwixt this wagging world, and
this world of waggery, and this world of wagging
wags ; for retrograding still go I, that verily I wag
backwards, 'till of wagging I am sick ; now of all
your wagging wags, avoid me your sland'rous
wag ; for he wears his nose erect, and with nod
significant, he mars, without remorse, his neigh-

bour's name. Now another wag there is, the more intolerable than he, and that's your wag of sanctity; one who with face demure, and air profound, exclaims,—“*How dar'st thou Sirrah? Knowest thou not the abundancy of wrong in this, thou unmindful knave?*”—and presently, within a second of the clock, committeth that his wagging tongue condemns. 'Tis in truth, a right queer wagging world,—to wit, my master,—now my master verily hath wagged to some effect—for I've strong suspicions, aye, and shrew'd suspicions too, that he is in a fair way of wagging altogether; so that I must be wagging too, to seek another place of liveries suited well, and wages good;—so away—most excellent Gufergne! (Exit.)

SCENE 6.

Interior of the Hall of Justice—Authorities discovered.

Officer.

Silence, silence in the court!

Benvorio.

As soon as the Prefect arrives, we shall proceed to investigate this most sanguinary affair; meanwhile let the witnesses be near at hand, that justice may encounter no delay.—(*Flourish of Trumpets.*)—The Prefect comes. Officers, clear the way.

(*Euphernia enters pale and wan—All remain standing till he is seated.*)

Euphernia.

Now, officers, to the duties of the day—(*Pauses.*)
 Yet ere you do proceed,
 My cause precedence claims, before all others.—
 (*Pauses again.*)

You will doubtless wonder at my present state of
mind,
A mind distracted, and a heart o'erwhelm'd with
woe!

Yet when explained, will extirpate all doubt.

(Rises.)

Last night, whilst walking in my garden,
Deeply entwined in pensive meditation,
I heard a footstep suddenly behind me,
And flew to my house for refuge;—
Listening, I found I was pursued,
And instantly blew out the lights,—
I placed myself behind the sash,
By which I had entered,
And with ready uplifted arm,
I drove my poignard, by fatal error,
Into the bosom of my beloved wife!
The prior report of arms,
Which heedlessly I had treated,
Were doubtless produced by ruffians near the spot.
I have instructed those, on whom the duty falls,
To seek some clue, which in the end,
May lead to a full and clear conviction,
Of those who drove me to this catastrophe!
If information by them can now be given,
For the ends of justice, let it be given straight!

(Sits.)

Levantes.

Officers, bring forth those men, of whom you
were just now speaking.—*(Exit Officers.)*—Their
case methinks will throw some light upon this
matter.

*(Enter Officers, with Durelle and the
Groom, at the sight of the former,
Euphemia starts.)*

Benvorio.

Now to the cause of your appearance here.

Groom.

With the court's indulgence, I shall state, in brief, the cause. Yesterday, at noon, my fellow servant and myself, accompanied our masters from Rantznie, towards this town with monies due to Altigneur; night o'ertook us, and a storm befel us in the Forest, which rendered our proceeding further on horseback impossible; as directed, we tied our horses to a tree, to await the coming morn, our masters agreeing to seek their way to Altigneur on foot; scarcely a minute had elapsed, when we heard the report of fire arms, and my companion left to ascertain the cause; he not returning, I followed in his track, and instantly, by the lightning's flash, saw him fall by some ruffian's hand; with his last breath, and weltering in his blood, he directed me the course the murderer had taken. I did so, and saw him enter a window, within three hundred paces from the spot, and through the glass I beheld a female apparently expiring in the agonies of death. On my way, I stumbled upon this mantle; —(*Produces mantle*)— the owner of which, I am informed, is now in court.

Euphernia—(rises.)

Authorities, and brothers!
 There is no dwelling near,
 The spot which he has now described,
 But speaks most clearly, it must be mine;—
 Yet, Durelle, my servant, whom I see in court,
 Will, notwithstanding, directly speak to this,
 (And in so speaking, he knows he speaks the truth,)
 That from my Plantation's paths
 I did not stir last night.

Durelle.

No, Sir,—I cannot lend myself to this, nor will the duty I once owed you as your servant, induce me

now to speak more or less for the public good than truth;—no, I will assist in this inquiry to the full ends of justice, rather than impede it.—(*Exhibiting the Mantle.*)—This mantle, found upon the spot, is the property of Euphemia!—(*Producing Casket.*)—And this casket which I found secreted beneath his couch, is identified by this man, as having belonged to the murdered travellers.

(*Several rise as if about to speak.*)

Euphemia.

Nay do not rise—

A moment's pause is all that I demand—

Now for the scroll—lost?—

Then am I lost for ever!

(*Rises.*)

But since he stands confronted,

Witness and accuser both conjoined,

Aloud, I here proclaim, *the deed was mine!*

(*Great commotion.*)

Nay, let amazement no longer upon you sit,

But wreak at once on me,

The vengeance justice claims.

Posterity's page will hence record my deeds,

With contumelious hate, and odium deep,—

Whilst history at my name shall point,

Its finger of never-dying scorn!

Break up the court—

(*Comes down.*)

Time admits no parleying with delay,---

Therefore to your dungeons bear me hence at once.

Now for the turn of popular applause,

The general voice which hailed me as I passed,

Like dogs of blood, will hunt me to my grave,

Howling their execrations!

Lead on!

(*The Authorities pass off in indignation*

Euphemia is led off guarded.)

SCENE 7.

Interior of a Prison.

(Enter Goaler, with a chair and Light.)

Goalter.

Am I then goaler to Euphemia turned?—how many within these walls have I consigned to misery and decay, through sentences given by him, though most, I fear, were innocent. But he comes.—(*Enter Euphemia.*)—I have brought a chair, Sir, that you may rest yourself whilst the prison chamber is preparing.

Euphernia.

I thank thee, good old man,
Alas ! I shall not need it—
If thou a resting place could'st find me here,
(*Pointing to his heart.*)

Thou would'st a boon confer,
 In value deeper, than all the mines
 This mighty sphere contains. *(Exit Goaler.)*
 To this transition, is it come at last?
 Oh, blest Molemia! had I but list to thee,
 I had now been free and happy;—
 My closing hour of life,
 Would smoothly have glided on,
 And I should have sunk in peace;
 But through ambition and vain o'er-reaching pride,
 Am now the tenant of a dungeon!
 From the loftiest point and pinnacle of greatness,
 Am fallen so low, that every hope to rise,
 Is damned for ever!
 But a few hours hence, these barracadoed doors,
 Would, at my nod have open flown,
 Are barr'd upon me now, to ope but once again;
 And that, to lead me to an ignominious death;
 Which death, to-morrow's sun, must see!
 And with that morrow, at the hour of ten,

Comes my dark night of never-ending woe !
 Thus am I forfeit to this fiend of hell,
 And doomed in bondage to be his slave for ever !
 Who's there ? *(Enter Goaler with a paper.)*

Goaler.

The final meeting of the Authorities is now broke up, and I am directed to make known to you their decision. *(Reads.)*

"To Euphernia of Genaize,

"Know from this, the Council of Authorities, have decreed, that a public example, due to the laws of outraged justice, be made in the Market Place of Altigneur, for the heinous crimes you have confessed yourself as guilty of, and that you suffer death accordingly at the Wheel, to-morrow at Ten.

"BENVORIO."

Euphernia.

As if some evil, multiplying on itself,
 A curse trebled in depth, above all others,
 Had at once o'ertaken me—
 The scroll which gave me power is lost ;
 And failing, therefore, as perforce I must,
 To render the victims by the appointed time,
 All now is hopeless !
 Gaoler, I thank thee for thy kindness ;
 This purse contains the wreck of all I have,
 Take it— *(Gives the purse.)*
 'Twill comfort yield for days to come.
 Now onward to my cell :
 The interval of time I'll give to rest,
 Though sleep no more can these eyelids know,
 Till death eterne closes them for ever !
 Lead on. *(Exit.)*

Lamplighter.

Pray good Mr. Sentry, don't mention it—Oh dear me! I wish I had wheeled off quietly to bed—now gently Mr. Sentry—gently—now do remember my precious neck—gently—gently.
(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE THE LAST.

The Market Place.

A Wheel on Platform in centre—Bell tolls at intervals—(Enter Euphemia in chains—preceded and followed by Authorities and Officers.)

Officer.

Make way there—stand back.

Euphemia.

Let those who are assembled here this day,
To witness me fall,
By yonder instrument of death,
Know that my life is justly forfeit,
To appease the cry of public vengeance!
But since my end's so near,
I fain would speak to clear all future doubt—
However well I seemed to mean the world,
Still, with a restless hate,
And never-sleeping malice did I hold it.
The truth, (though self-condemning),
I here confess, before the face of all;
Being thus confess'd, I do implore the hand,
On whom the office this day falls,
To save me now from further exhibition;
Let no protracted torture, I conjure you,
Nor temporizing pain be mine,
But fix my body on the instant,
Upon this instrument of death!

(*Executioners advance.*)

Lamplighter.

Oh ! dear me—now good Mr. Sentry, gently now—suppose that what—d'ye call it, was to go off.—

Sentry.

Down, I say !

Lamplighter.—(Ladder falls with him.)

I am down—to the discomfiture of my unfortunate skin of bones.—Oh dear me ! I wish I had gone home straight to bed.

Sentry.

Now sir, be up and following—*(Collars him.)*—nay, no resistance—up I say—*(He gets up.)*—bring on your ladder with you, traitor !

Lamplighter.

Yes, worthy Mr. Sentry—I am coming this moment—what a particularly mild, good natured sort of a man you are Mr. Sentry—now dont you think so too, Mr. Sentry ?

Sentry.

Come along, I say.

Lamplighter.

I'm coming this moment—this very moment, Mr. Sentry.—*(Runs off—Sentry seizes the end of the ladder, which slips over his head, and drags him in backwards.)*---Oh, dear me ! here's a pretty mess ! that ever a professional man should run his head into it like this !

Sentry.

Come along, I say—come along—the wheel will be your punishment for this.

But your pity, or your hate,
 With my last breath, I soul and heart despise,
 Unless by deeds, and not with words you'd serve
 me.

Now, to your duty. *(They bind him.)*

Benurio.

The Council decreed the hour of ten for execution,
 'till then let not the engine forth.

Euphemia.

Ha! the hour of ten!
 Then hell may yawning speak,
 And with its tongue of fire,
 Emit a curse on all, for this delay;
 That the veriest echo of the earth,
 Shall resound again in terror!
 Come from thy abode, Zolermio!
 I call on thee!
 Hear me, I say, Zolermio!
 Damn me now, as thou art damn'd thyself;
 Keep me not here 'till the eye of the public gaze,
 But despatch thy demons on the instant,
 To bear me hence!

*(The Bell tolls Ten—at the last stroke, a
 tremendous crash is heard beneath—
 Darkness suddenly comes on—Thunder
 and Lightning.)*

Ah! I feel thou art fast approaching,
 This sulphurous vapour chokes my breath already.
(Zolermio rises.)

Zolermio.

I come at thy bidding—and will upon the instant
 draft thee from this, thy mortal state of suffering,
 to a worse, which is thine by due. Spirits
 of the Mine, appear!

*(Zolermio rushes to the Platform, and
 grapples at the throat of Euphemia—
 The Spirits of the Mine appear, and
 group around them.)*

Euphernia.

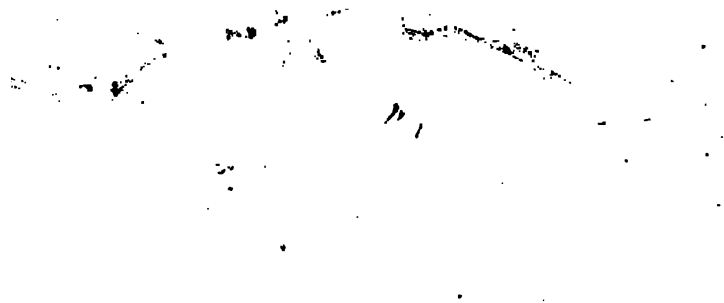
Abandon ! abandon thy infernal grasp !
Unloose these forked talons from my throat,
For too soon I feel the with'ring power,
Of thy all-damning spell !

(The Spirits of Molemia—Foligne—Cigarette—Cigarette's Mother—The Two Travellers, and the Groom, appear, pointing at Euphernia.—The Authorities and People conceal their faces in terror.)

Ah ! snatch out mine eyes, Zolermio !
And let me shun the sight before me !
If aught that's left be good,
Oh, save me !
Molemia ! Molemia !
Mercy ! mercy ! mercy !

(The whole Platform sinks in Fire—the Spirits pointing to Euphernia as he descends.)

FINIS.



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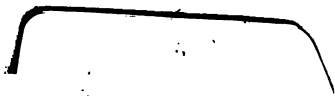




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